Katie the Bulky Gets Schooled
By Yu May and DrKriege

The crowded students of Hell High parted in awe as Katie the Bulky arrived on campus, fashionably late. She left a trail of cigarette smoke in her wake as she stomped down the entrance hall, her heavy army boots contrasting sharply with her thighhigh stockings. Her lanky black hair was a mess, while her weathered red denim shorts barely contained her muscular buttocks. All eyes in the room were instantly drawn to her baggy, punk-rock t-shirt which proudly proclaimed: “Yuck Fou!”

A spectacled girl froze like a deer, before Katie casually barrelled over her like an oncoming train. “Hey, watch where you’re going, chipmunk.”

Katie blinked as she took a closer look at the shorter student. For some reason, her skirt was rolled up at the back, revealing a tiny peep of her white panties. Casually, Katie flicked the student’s nose. “What’s that? Some kind of fashion statement? Better not let the teachers see you looking like that.”

The spectacled student glanced at the back of her skirt, blushing. “But…but the teacher was the one who made me do it.”

All the students froze as the intercom clicked on, and a stern male face appeared on one of the television screens that monitored from every corner of the ceiling. “Students, be aware that the traditional House Sorting Ceremony will take place immediately after the final period. Attendance is mandatory. Also, Katie Bulke Bolker, student ID number 1-6-1-8, please report to the Head Tormentor’s Office on floor 9B, immediately!”

Katie felt a pit in her stomach. *“Ugh. Even here there’s stuffed shirts,”* she thought.

But with so many eyes on her, Katie decided to keep cool. After all, this was her first chance to build her reputation. “Sweet, looks like I’m getting the royal welcome. See you dorks later!”

…

Katie passed under an ornately-carved, double-sided wooden door, bearing some sort of Latin motto Katie didn’t care to read.

A little old woman with triangular spectacles was seated at an antique typewriter. Hanging above her head was a typographic poster: “Indeed, the safest road to hell is the gradual one. –Screwtape.”

A placard on her desk read: “Mrs. Minos, Head Secretary.”

Katie seated herself on the secretary's desk. "Which way to the Head Mentor guy? He wants to see me."

Mrs. Minos blinked, like a fat toad eyeing an equally fat fly, then pointed a long, pointed fingernail to the lonely door on the opposite side of the room. "If you mean the *Head Tormentor*, you're looking for Mr. Belial. It's the door with 'Head Tormentor' written over it. You can't miss it…no matter how much you might want to."

Katie tried to think of a clever retort, and when none occurred to her, she grumbled and marched away. Katie roughly shoved open the Head Tormenter's door. "Well? Whaddaya want?"

She found Mr. Belial seated behind his desk. Everything about him was sharp, from his suit, to his neat, pointed goatee beard, to the widow's peak in his glossy black hair. But sharpest of all were his eyes. "Miss Bolker I presume. Come in. Close the door. Quietly. "

Katie slammed the door behind her.

Without blinking, Mr. Belial pressed a button on his desk, and the intercom's red light flickered to life. "...That was not quietly. Do you *want* to disturb your classmates and teachers?"

Katie crossed her arms, affecting her most smug, relaxed smile. "I don't care who hears. I like the idea of people knowing Katie the Bulky earned a trip to the office on her first day. I'm gonna' be a legend around here."

"Miss Katie Bulke Bolker, you have been summoned to my office for a disciplinary hearing. Slamming doors is not acceptable at Hell High, but we'll address that matter soon enough…"

Without waiting for an invitation, Katie sat down on a cheap office chair opposite him. "Oooh, what're you gonna do? Spank my poor wittle bum-bum, til I cry?"

…

As Mr. Belial and Katie the Bulky's voices echoed over the school intercom system, all the faculty of Hell High paused mid-lecture, and the gathered students glanced up to catch the ongoing conversation.

Then, the old TVs started to spark to life, their screens crackling as they loaded hidden camera views of Mr. Belial's office. A chiron on the screen showed the current date and time, along with the words, "Security Footage. Archive available upon request for legal and historical purposes."

…

With a quick glance at the hidden cameras spread around his office covering every possible angle, Mr. Belial pulled out a small, black pocket book. "Have you had time to read the school rules, perchance? I know your parents received a copy. They called to tell me they were quite ecstatic about the disciplinary regimen for Hell High."

Katie felt her throat tighten. After weeks of daily maintenance spankings, and being treated like a baby by her parents, Katie had finally been determined "fit" to be let out in public again, and even granted the right to choose her own wardrobe. Katie had known that Hell High used corporal punishment, and had even come to dread the looming threat of it. But a small part of her had hoped, against hope, that once she got out of her parents' home, and back into a school setting, she'd be able to brass it out. "Hmm? Oh yeah, I skimmed it. But I figured, since it's Hell, I really should be the one handing out the punishments."

Mr. Belial smiled, and shook his head. "No, Miss Bolker, that is not how things work at Hell High. Only those at the top of the hierarchy get to hand out the punishments. And you only get to rise the hierarchy by following the rules."

"But I thought you guys hated rules and stuff? That's what your brochure said."

"I see you didn't read the Educational Philosophy section very carefully. We don't hate rules. He hate *irrational* rules. We hate the illusion of moral law. You see, most schools foster the idea that there is a simple, black and white distinction between a supposed 'good' and 'evil.' We reject such fairy tale notions. Our rules at Hell High are simply *rational*. Our rule-system is what allows the powerful to rise to the top, and keep the weak pressed firmly under heel. We call a King or Queen a 'ruler' precisely because they endure, and enforce, this power system. Is rising the hierarchy something you wish to do?"

Kate chewed this new information over. She wasn't much of a moral philosopher, but the part about being a Queen and stamping the weak under her heel had a definite appeal. "Hmm, does following the rules mean I get to spank some of the nerds around here? Cuz if so, yeah, I can cut it."

"Good. So we are in agreement? You will be following the rules, to the letter."

Katie kicked up her feet on the desk, her army boots dripping mud. "Yeah sure. If it gets me higher up the ladder, I can take whatever you dish out, Sergeant Pepper."

Mr. Belial's goatee seemed to billow like black smoke, before he took a deep breath. "...Which then leads us to my next question. Why aren't you in uniform?"

Katie snorted. "….Uh, cause I don't want to look like a twerp?"

"Wearing a full uniform is compulsory. It's part of the rules, the rules you just agreed to follow. And not following those rules makes you subject to disciplinary action. A spanking. Specifically, one spanking for each and every incorrect piece of clothing you are wearing."

Katie glanced down at her outfit. Come to think of it, her parents had mentioned something about her needing to go shopping for a school uniform. Katie groaned. “Sigh, okay, sure. Let’s get this over with.”

Mr. Belial glanced at the mud dripping from Katie’s army boots. "So, you are wearing a shirt, shorts, and shoes that are not part of the required uniform. Your stockings would be acceptable, if combined with a skirt of the proper length. Do your bra and knickers conform to school standards, at least?"

Kate eyed the little leather book on the desk by her feet. “Uh…”

Setting her feet down, Katie rifled through the book, and found an illustration depicting a young woman wearing plain undergarments, entirely like her own. “...Now, let’s say they don’t, is it really fair to include something no one can see as part of the uniform?”

"It is part of the Hell High rules. We have written them for a reason. Without rules there would be anarchy. Besides, your official school blouse is thin enough, most people will be able to see your bra through it. And when your skirt is rolled up at the back, people will likely see your knickers.”

“But doesn’t that kind of defeat the purpose? Isn’t the point of a school uniform for us to be modest and stuff? You know, not distract the lads too much?”

“We don’t care about modesty. We care about uniformity. Now, do your undergarments conform to the school’s rules, or not?”

Katie looked furtively at the rule book. “Fraid not, your Tormentiness.”

Mr. Belial smiled, and stood up. He struck Katie as strangely tall behind his desk. "Very well. So shirt, shorts, shoes, bra, and knickers. Six items. Six separate spankings."

Mr. Belial stood and strode over to a wall-mounted cabinet with a lead-paned-glass front.

Katie blinked as she tried to mentally count along with the Tormentor. “Six…wait, isn’t that only–”

Katie was cut off as Belial thrust the doors of the cabinet open. "Six spankings…Each administered with a different implement."

Katie was greeted by a dazzling collection of hair brushes, slippers, paddles, canes, straps, belts, tawses, and several tools of corporal punishment Katie couldn’t even name.

As Katie swallowed a lump in her throat, Mr. Belial leered at her. "As I'm sure you know, you may have a single spanking from my hand as well. Some students seem to think that a hand spanking is less severe than the other implements. Afraid I have no insight on the subject. You may choose the first implement."

As Katie spotted the cane, she suddenly had a bright idea. It looked slender, far lighter than a proper walking cane. "Cane first."

"After all," she thought, *"better to get that one over a clothed bottom, so it hurts less."*

Mr. Belial raised an eyebrow as he procured the thin willow cane. "An intriguing choice…Very well. Bend over that chair. Put your palms flat on the seat."

Katie rolled her eyes, then assumed the position. She felt her red shorts tug tight as she bent over far enough to reach the seat. *"Stupid, shrimpy little chairs,"* she thought.

Katie heard a few sharp whistles as Mr. Belial practiced swinging the cane through the air, before taking up his position just behind and beside Katie. Then he tapped the cane gently against her bottom. "Six strokes."

As Katie heard the cane cutting through the air, she flinched…and felt nothing. She felt another couple of light taps, and as she opened her eyes and glanced around, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Belial arcing his whole body backward, the cane high above his head.

THWACK!

Katie felt the cane traveling in a single, straight line, squarely across the center of her bottom, like a box-cutter knife across cardboard. Katie had been introduced to a nursery cane at home, so she had prepared herself to feel the "aftershock" as a thin welt rose in place. But something strange happened. She thought she felt a phantom pain, like an itch, all across her bottom.

From behind, Katie's bottom looked perfectly normal to ordinary eyes. But from the Head Tormentor's perspective, he could make out the rising heat of the cane stroke, and a ghostly red glow as a hellish fire traced six additional welts in sets of three, above and below the one "real" stripe.

Katie grunted as she felt the first impact, then snorted as she noticed what was unmistakably seven separate fresh welts rising into place, all at once. With horror, Katie remembered the Hellish contract she'd somehow signed by accident this summer. With an effort, Katie resisted the urge to scream. Then terror clutched her heart. It had taken every ounce of her will power to not break down crying after one stroke.

Katie gaped, as she noticed the rising heat from the six welts was already starting to press against her shorts, like a furnace. "Wha? What in Hell?"

"Yes."

Then, Katie felt Mr. Belial tapping the cane against her butt again, with a soft, “Pat, pat, pat.”

Mr. Belial clicked his tongue. "I must say, I was impressed by your choice of the cane for your first punishment. Hmm…perhaps ‘impressed’ is not the proper word. Surprised, more like. The cane certainly does set the bottom up nicely for the remaining chastisement. "

Swish…THWACK!

The second magical stroke of the cane drew a burning line of pain just below the first, followed by another set of seven welts.

Katie roared, then pressed her lips together and hummed.

In no particular hurry, Mr. Belial playfully tapped Katie’s bottom with the cane again. *“She will break,”* he thought. “Trying to pretend it doesn’t hurt? What exactly is the point of entertaining a polite fiction, when both of us know it to be such?”

Mr. Belial landed three precise strokes of the cane in rapid succession, without sacrificing an ounce of his ferocious strength. He aimed each one slightly lower than the previous blow, so that fifth welt stretched right across Katie’s lower bottom, just touching her upper thighs.

"Now, Miss Bolker, how many was that?"

Katie hissed for air, thinking only of how her ass felt like she’d just sat on the iron bars of an antique furnace. As she finally registered the question, she realized she hadn’t been keeping count. “Ow! …Uh…four?”

Belial revealed his white teeth in a broad smile. "If you say so."

He administered another two strokes, back to back, each landing perfectly across one of the previous welts.

The moment after the sixth stroke landed, Katie howled, then growled as she stood up, clutching her buttocks with both of her huge hands. “Six!”

Belial playfully slapped the cane against Katie’s thighs. "Now, Katie, surely you recall the rule which forbids you to stand up during a spanking. I know we were finished with the set of six, but I didn't announce it. So, bend back over. We are going to repeat that last stroke.”

Katie scowled as she rounded on Belial. “Huh? Good God! Can’t you let me off with a warning, you fuuuh…”

As Katie noticed Belial was at eye-level with her, she froze. Hadn't she towered over him when she first entered the room? Katie decided a change of tack was in order. "You…fellow Hellion! After all, you don't want to spend all day spanking me, do you?"

Katie batted her eyes, hoping Mr. Belial had a thing for the coy, effeminate type. But Belial only sniggered. "Stop making faces, my dear. I am the Head Tormentor. Spanking naughty brats is literally all I do, all day, every day. However, I suppose that too much caning can have a numbing effect. Given the considerable spanking you still have to come, I will overlook the matter, for now."

Katie sighed with relief. *"Heh. Thanks for letting me off easy, wimp. Now I know you don't follow through on your threats…"* she thought.

Belial hung the cane on its hook. "Now, that was the spanking for wearing an incorrect brassiere. Next we will carry out the punishment for wearing the incorrect shoes. And I believe this slipper to be the most appropriate tool."

Katie flinched as she felt the cane marks twinge, then puffed her hair out of her eyes. "Kay."

The slipper had a faded red tartan pattern, and looked to be at least a size 14 (or for any of our Yankee readers, a men's size 15). Katie noticed the underside was covered in little rubber bobbles, and guessed they had something to do with allowing a tighter grip.

The sole looked soft and squishy. *"After all, slippers are supposed to be comfy, right?"* thought Katie.

Belial sat down on the same chair Katie had used earlier, gripping the hefty slipper in his right fist, which presumably was his dominant hand. "Across my knee, Miss Bolker. Given your considerable size, you may end up with your chin on the floor to get the angle right. So I suggest resting it on your hands.

Katie pouted as she flopped down across her tormentor's left thigh. "Hmmph."

Katie did indeed find that her face would reach the floor, but instead opted to rest her weight on her elbows, determined to look cool. *"After all, it can't be worse than the cane,"* she thought.

As Belial patted her bottom with the slipper, Katie realized that despite her size, the sole could damn near cover both ass cheeks.

Then there was a whoosh of air as it ploughed down onto her wide bottom.

It sent a shock wave through Katie's whole behind, the ripple traveling through each of the throbbing bruises left by the cane, as if they were all struck afresh, and all at once.

As Katie jerked forward, she clenched her teeth, her face scrunching up into a delightfully comic expression of confusion mixed with consternation. “Ffffuuuuuck!”

"Something to say Miss Bolker?"

Katie hissed. “No sir…Just admiring the view of the shag carpet.”

“You know, I’m surprised you didn’t opt to remove your shoes, and avoid this spanking in the first place.”

Katie snorted, trying to disguise the obvious pain in her voice behind sarcasm. “Oh, is that an option?”

"It’s clearly laid out in the rules, Miss Bolker. You can avoid any spanking for a dress code violation by opting to remove an offending item. Unfortunately we have already begun the spanking for your incorrect shoes, so we must continue."

“Wuhut? Wait, I’ll take off my shoes! Just lemme—”

But Katie’s protests were cut off as Belial tugged sharply on the waistband of Katie’s shorts, pulling them into a wedgie that exposed the undercurves of her lower buttocks, followed by five hard smacks from the slipper.

Although he delivered the spanking at a furious pace, Belial landed each blow of the slipper across a different region of Katie’s bottom, just to make sure she felt each one keenly.

Sure enough, Katie felt like Mr. Belial’s slipper might have belonged to the giant from *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and that Mr. Belial might have been a giant himself.

Each blow was a little off center: hitting the upper-left, then the lower-right, then the lower-left, then the upper-right portions in quick succession. The sixth blow was aimed right back in the centre again. The little rubber nubs pressed deep into Katie’s shorts and exposed flesh, and Katie realized their true purpose. Despite the soft, rubbery material, they acted as impact points, making every single stroke feel like ten small strokes.

Katie roared like a lion, before the last stroke cut her off, and she mewled like a kitten.

Belial glided the slipper across Katie’s lower backside. "How many was that Miss Bolker?"

Kattie gulped. “Six, I guess?”

"Correct. However, as a pair of shoes are counted as two separate articles of clothing, that earns double the number of strokes."

Katie's eyes popped open, and she twisted to glare at her foe, her eyes blazing. "Huh? Where was that in the rules? It's called *a* pair of shoes. Cuz it's just one pair!"

"Page 184, point 7. A student caught wearing any item of forbidden clothing, referred to as a pair, shall receive a pair of spankings."

As Belial held the slipper high, it seemed to block out all light in the room. Katie choked as she felt its shadow looming over her. The slipper now seemed ten times wider than she remembered it being a moment ago.

Once more, Belial began pounding Katie's butt with the slipper, each slap connecting against both fresh, unmarked flesh, and against the raised, purplish bruises left by the cane.

Katie groaned as she felt the first stroke, then gagged as the second caught her by surprise. No matter how she tried to focus, she couldn't seem to mentally prepare herself for that horrible rubber slipper. Worse, it seemed like it was hammering the cane marks deep into her buttocks, helping the burning sting sink deeper and deeper, until it became an ache.

Even after trying to grit her teeth, Katie was yelling by the sixth stroke. But with an effort, she willed herself not to break down crying. Taking deep, heavy breaths, Katie awaited the moment she would be released. "Okay…so I can just take something off if I don't want the spanking, right? So…"

Katie wiggled her wide bottom, in what she hoped would be alluring, and tried to make her voice sultry. "What do you want me to take off first?"

Belial grimaced. As an employee of Hell High he held a begrudging respect for the art of seduction, but Katie's absurd attempt was like a garish, crayon doodle of a stickman being hung next to a classical Renaissance portrait painted in oil on canvas.

Ignoring the wriggling buttocks, Belial examined his cabinet of tools for punishment. "Well, you've been spanked for your inappropriate shoes. You have not been punished for your shirt, your shorts, or your knickers. You have at least three spankings to come, unless you choose to remove these items before the punishment begins. Do you wish to remove any now? You may remove them in any given order, or all at once, at your preference."

Fighting to block out the pain, Katie smiled as she spotted an escape from her torture. "Okay…so I don't get the three spankings, as long as I remove them first? So…let's just let me take them all off, and then the spankin's all done, right?"

Belial reached to pull out a paddle from his cabinet, examined it daintily, then hung it back up. "And spend the rest of the day wearing just your shirt and shoes Miss Bolker? You do not get the removed items back."

Katie scowled. “Huh? You’d let me walk around campus, half naked?”

"Or fully naked. Humiliation is another form of discipline here at Hell High."

Kate glanced at the door, trying to mentally form a picture of her final outfit. So long as she kept her shorts and shirt…she could always go commando. “Okay…then let’s say…bra and knickers. I’ll remove those.”

“I already spanked you for your inappropriate brassiere.”

Katie nearly choked with rage. “Well, can’t you let that one count as the spanking for one of the others, and let me remove the bra to avoid one of the spankings anyway?”

“No. The rules stipulate that once a punishment for an offense is complete, it cannot be adjusted retroactively. I already punished you for refusal to remove your brassiere. Given that it’s considered inappropriate under the school rules, you are of course free to remove it, but it won’t impact anything.”

Katie rolled her eyes. “Fine! Whatever, I’ll just remove my panties and skip that one. But I’m keeping my shorts.”

Bellial patted Katie’s rump, just hard enough to awaken the sting from the first two spankings. “Intruiging. You may stand, Miss Bolker.”

Katie reached for her panties, before remembering her shorts were in the way. As she fumbled with the button of her shorts, it suddenly occurred to her that Belial might be misleading her on the rules. Just like a man to make a poor, defenseless young woman undress, as a little joke. “So, just to be clear…I’m going to take off my panties, but after that, I get to keep my shorts, right?”

Katie frowned as she glanced at Belial, before a second thought occurred to her. Maybe the male gaze was a weapon…in her favor. Slowly, Katie glided down her red shorts, allowing a partial glimpse of her non-regulation knickers. They were decorated by a flaming skull, with the words, “Bad Ass” emblazoned across the top.

Katie wriggled her hips, as if struggling to remove her shorts. “...you know, so you can still *spank* me for wearing these improper booty shorts?”

Katie batted her eyelashes as she emphasized the word “spank.”

Looking bored, Belial returned a leather strap to the cabinet, before clapping his hands together, and strolling up to look Katie right in the eyes. "There's no need to remove your shorts, Miss Bolker. You simply wish to skip the spanking for improper panties, correct?"

Feeling confused, Katie glanced down at her own buttocks, wondering why Mr. Belial seemed so uninterested in examining it. “Well, yeah, but how am I supposed to remove my improper panties if I don’t take off my shorts real quick?”

"Like this." With the speed of a cobra, Belial thrust his hands down Katie’s shorts. Katie shrieked in protest, wondering if her seduction act had worked a little too well, but when she grasped Belial’s wrists, she found them to be like smoke. Using both his hands, Belial pinched the waistband of Katie’s panties from the front and back. Then he pulled Katie’s undergarments straight up, in a single, clean motion.

Katie sucked in a breath as she felt her panties ride up against her crotch and ass crack, then realized she was being dangled in mid air. Instantly, Katie recognized one of her favorite techniques from her years as a bully: the hammock wedgie!

The rocking motion caused Katie’s voice to warble as she yelled a wild, berserker war cry. She tried to call Belial a “Mother fucker,” but what came out instead was: “Fuuuuuuuck! Mooommmaaaaa!”

Nothing quite makes you want your mummy like being cheese-wired by your own undergarments.

Katie squeaked like a mouse as Mr. Belial began to easily bounce her in place, up and down, and side to side.

The panties strained dangerously close to snapping. Katie bit her lip, wheezing. “Ow, ow! Fuck this! I changed my mind! I’ll just take the spanking!”

Belial rocked his arms back and forth to gain momentum. “Sorry, you can't change your mind during the removal of a clothing item. Now hold still."

Spinning like an olympic athlete, Belial began to twirl Katie around his office in a wide circle. Katie screeched, until she felt the fabric of her panties stretch up to cover her mouth and the back of her skull. As Katie sucked in a breath, she felt the fabric of her panties catch against her lips, and felt herself being spun around like a top. As Katie kicked her legs, her red shorts caught just below her hips, exposing most of her upper buttocks as the patties were tugged as tight as floss.

As Belial pinned the waistband of Katie’s panties above her head with one hand, he smacked Katie’s rump to send her twisting, as if he was tying up a garbage bag. “Not to worry, Miss Bolker, we will have these offensive undergarments off you in just a moment…”

With one final, firm bounce, Katie’s panties snapped under the full weight of Katie’s body.

Katie flopped face-first down onto the floor, then tugged at her red shorts to relieve the remnant of the wedgie. “Aaagh…Bollocks!”

Belial ignored her as he seated himself again. "Now, you still have a spanking coming for choosing to keep wearing your shorts. You may pick any implement, or choose my hand. Then get up and over my knee."

Kate whistled with discomfort as she lifted herself up onto her hands and knees. “Huh? Your hand?”

With a quick glimpse back at her shorts, Katie smiled gleefully. Her spankings at home were no picnic, but Katie knew from experience that she could usually tough out a hand spanking over her pants…usually. “Hand it is then!”

She practically dove over her tormentor’s knee. As he allowed Katie to get settled, Belial stroked his goatee. "Am I to presume you are unfamiliar with Rule 18: Any and all hand spankings are to be carried out on the bared bottom?"

To forestall Katie from struggling, Belial pressed a powerful hand down against the small of her back, then hooked the waistband of her red denim shorts with his other hand.

Straining her toned muscles, Katie pressed against his thigh, but the Tormentor’s slender arms were far stronger than she ever would have guessed. “Wuh? Where was that written? Lemme go!”

With a quick yank, Belial pulled Katie’s red shorts just below her bottom, before they caught tight. "Rule 18 is on page 4. If you failed to get that far, I may have to prescribe some remedial English lessons for you."

In a panic, Katie strained to break free, but his hand weighed down on her like a sea anchor. She bucked and reared like a wild mustang, but all managed was to lift herself a few inches up and off his lap, before being forced back down again.

On Katie’s third attempt to break free, Belial seized his opportunity to tug her shorts free, sliding them down her meaty thighs, all the way to her knees.

Katie strained her legs, and felt them catch tight against her rumpled shorts. “Shit! I changed my mind!”

"Sorry, but Rule 3 states you can't change your mind during a punishment."

In her rage, Katie began to splutter and stammer.

Ignoring his victim’s incoherent protests, Belial pressed his hand flat against Katie’s bare, blistered and bruised buttocks, and began to draw soft circles across the mottled flesh. "Many students suppose that a hand spanking doesn't hurt as much as, say, a paddle. But when administered on a bare bottom, by an experienced disciplinarian, it allows the accurate targeting of the stress spots."

With a final strain, Katie collapsed, then gasped as she felt the soft rubbing. “Hey! You copping a feel? Quit it!”

Belial lifted each of Katie’s butt cheeks lightly, considering the pale sit spots hidden underneath, which had been protected from the cane and the slipper. Then he angled up his knee, forcing Katie’s hips to angle sharply upward, and expose the sensitive flesh. "No, Miss Bolker, merely selecting a target."

SMACK!

Katie jolted as she felt the impact, then arched her back as she felt its reverberating effect. His palm easily covered her entire lower buttock, along with several circular welts left by the slipper and bruises left by the cane, where they all overlapped.

The nexus of marks all seemed to light up, like a fireworks display on Guy Fawkes Day. (For you Yankees reading, the Brits don’t have fireworks on the Fourth of July, for obvious reasons.)

Katie’s mouth hung open in a silent scream as she processed the sensation. It was as if she was experiencing the cane and the slipper all over again, along with the fresh clap of Belial’s rough, leathery palm.

"That's one."

Katie gagged, wanting to screech, but she was forced to suck down a breath instead. Finally she could only manage a confused grunt. “Ggeh?”

"No, Miss Bolker. That would be ‘One, sir.’ I can see some remedial maths lessons will also be required. Now, do you know what comes after one?"

SMACK!

There was another blow catching another network of marks and bruises, lighting up a fresh wave of pain in Katie's ass cheeks. Unable to count, Katie squealed like a piglet.

Happy to let Katie take her time processing her situation, Mr. Belial played with the dial of the intercom, to make sure it was still active. Spotting his hidden security camera in the upper corner of his office, Belial adjusted his seat slightly so that Katie’s bottom would be in the center of the camera shot. Of course, he had every possible angle of his office covered to deter thieves

and pranksters, but he liked the idea of giving the students watching more of a show. Slowly, he rubbed Katie's bottom, almost gently, but not quite so gently, until he was sure she could hear him. "So Katie 'The Bulky' Bolker, how are you finding your first day at Hell High?"

"You can kiss–"

The moment that Katie tried to answer, Belial slammed down his palm downward, landing the hardest smack yet, across all six cane marks at once.

Belial allowed Katie to wail, then waited for her to pause. "Well? I expect a proper answer to my question, Miss Bolker."

Not caring what he said, Katie twisted to look her tormenter right in the eye. "You can sit on a fooking pitchfork!"

Belial would have been impressed by her sheer resolve…if not for the tears dampening her eyelashes. "...Aaaaand…"

SMACK!

"Yaaargh!"

The fourth spank landed on the exact same spot, raising the clear, white silhouette of a handprint across all six cane marks. Normally, Belial preferred to hold his hand firm and steady, closing his fingers for a paddle-like effect. But for now, he decided that spreading his fingers would allow him to cover even more of Katie's welts. Belial landed the fifth and sixth spank in quick succession, before stroking a finger across each of Katie's butt cheeks. "That's six, for wearing improper shorts."

Katie snapped up her head. "Huh? But you just *removed* my shorts!"

"Of course. Because the rules state a hand spanking has to be given on the bare bottom."

"But that's no fair! How can you spank me for not removing my shorts, if you remove my shorts?"

"Simple, because you *refused* to remove your shorts. According to the rules, because you refused to remove your shorts, I have to administer a spanking. And because you elected to receive a hand spanking, I have to remove your shorts to deliver the spanking on your bare bottom."

"Oh, fuck off! If I had known that, I'd have never agreed to a hand spanking!"

“And if you’d read the rules more carefully, you would have known that…Hold on, I just realized. I’m spanking you for wearing a pair of shorts, instead of a regulation skirt…”

“Yeah! No shit, Sherlock! Any more bright observations?”

“Well, it is a *pair* of shorts, and the rules clearly stipulate that wearing any article of unapproved clothing, referred to as a pair, will receive a pair of spankings.”

“What? That doesn’t make a lick of sense! It’s only one–”

Belial landed a first swat across Katie’s bottom, and finished her sentence for her. “...*Pair* of shorts.”

As Katie seethed with rage, Belial delivered a second crisp clap, allowing Katie a few seconds to savor the sting before slowly delivering three more.

Katie spat like an alley cat. “Rrrraww! Fuck me in the ass!”

"Miss Bolker, thanks to your continued foul language, and bad attitude, you have definitely earned an additional spanking, once this one is through. "

As Katie closed her eyes tight shut, she felt two tears welling up in her eyes, and willed them away. Not wanting Belial to see any tell-tale signs of her tears, she lowered her head and threw up two middle fingers. “You can kiss my ass, ya old wanker!

Belial landed two spanks to Katie’s sit spots, switching back to using a firm, closed hand to make a deeper impact. "No, but I *am* going to spank your ass. While the six stroke rule generally applies to punishments administered with an implement, Rule 3, Point 2 stipulates that any Teacher, or Tormentor, may extend the length of any hand spanking, at their discretion."

With that, Belial began to spank at a steady, merciless pace, covering Katie’s entire bare bottom in a flurry of slaps.

As Katie finally felt the fresh sting of the first swats start to fade, it was quickly replaced by the sensation of a building fire, each smack adding fresh kindlewood to the inferno. “Ow! Ouch! Owwie! WOW-ow!”

Katie’s initial screams were more like the shouts of a martial artist in combat. But her cries quickly became more pitched, and desperate. “Aaagh! Okay! Okay! I’ll quit cussing!”

Belial did not pause the steady rain of spanks, each like a thunderclap in its own right. "I know you will, Katie. Once I am finished. We haven’t even started your spanking for using foul language, by the way. This is just for giving me attitude.”

After what must have been 100 spanks, Belial finally paused, allowing Katie to tremble across his knees. “There's good news. That's the spanking over for wearing improper shorts. Now we can start on the one for your improper shirt. And it's my turn to pick the implement."

Reaching his left arm out in front of Katie, Belial selected a stout wooden paddle from his collection. He dangled it in front of Katie long enough to let her get a good look at it, before swapping it into his right hand.

Quickly wiping away her tears on her forearm, Katie twisted to look behind her, and saw her own bottom quivering in the air behind her. “Shhniffle…Aw, couldn’t you let me off with just a warning…handsome?”

Katie added the last word with a pained grin, arching her back to lift her buttocks up slightly. This painfully clumsy attempt to look submissive and feminine was rather undermined by the foul language on the back of Katie’s t-shirt. “C’mon, big guy…hasn’t my poor little bottom been spanked enough for one day?”

"Nope! Not with an attitude like that it hasn't."

With that, Belial landed the paddle across Katie’s entire bottom, flattening both of her toned, muscular glutes as easily as raw dough.

Katie' s desperate plea had been a thin mask for her growing fear. The moment the paddle landed, she howled like a werewolf. “Aahoooooaaahhh!”

"That’s more appropriate. I’m guessing you felt that one, Miss Bolker?"

Katie almost swore, before catching herself. Unfortunately, the tormenter’s question hadn’t quite registered on her brain. “Ssshhhiiii…s-sorry, sir!”

Belial landed a swat across her upper left cheek. Not quite as hard, but enough to grab her attention. "I asked you a question, Miss Bolker."

Katie wheezed as the cane strokes started to throb. “Gah! …Wuh-what was the question?”

Belial let the moment hang as he watched her bottom trembling under the shadow of the paddle. "I asked if you felt the stroke. Was it suitably painful?"

Katie nodded so hard, her bangs flopped across her eyes. “Yes! Yes, it fuh…freakin’ hurt…sir! It was the worst one yet!”

Belial smiled warmly. It was almost adorable watching her try to be polite, when she was clearly rusty at it. “Jolly good. In that case…”

Belial set the paddle on his desk, and scrawled something on a sticky note. He pressed the note against the front of his desk, letting Katie read it easily: “Katie Bolker, #1718. Hates the paddle.”

As Katie stared at the note in horror, Bellial scooped the paddle back up. “...I shall designate the paddle as the go-to tool for any additional discipline you require.”

“But–”

Belial landed three quick, ferocious strokes of the paddle, leaving two long, wide welts across both of Katie’s buttocks, and one welt across her upper thighs. Without skipping a beat, he switched his grip on the paddle to aim two final strokes at a more vertical angle, nailing the center of Katie’s left and right buttock, each in turn.

By the sixth stroke, Katie’s screams had reached that inimitable quality that can’t be faked. Her shorts dangled down to her shins, and caught against her ankles. As Katie tried to lunge forward like a wild gazelle, she kicked her feet free from her combat boots, before her red shorts flew across the room. Katie wasn’t the type to shed crocodile tears, and always resisted the the real thing as long as possible. With a snort, Katie quickly rubbed her face against her shoulders, in a final, futile attempt to hide the obvious tear stains.

Belial let Katie whinge as he glided the paddle across Katie’s buttocks, as if sawing a log. “...Now, you understand you still have an additional spanking to come? One for foul language, and one for slamming my door. Now that we’ve established the paddle as your primary implement of choice, I’ll punish you for slamming my door first. Seems fitting, since that was how you chose to make a first impression."

As Katie finally recognized the meaning of these words, she clenched her buttocks, and furrowed her brow. “Wuh? You didn’t say anything about that before!”

"No. But it's clearly spelled out in the rule book. Now, try to hold still. Looks like with all that thrashing, you’ve managed to lose your shoes…and your shorts besides."

As Katie pumped her feet, she instinctively shielded her buttocks with her heels. At that moment, she became aware that she was now wearing nothing but her thigh-high stockings, her bra, and her baggy punk rock-t-shirt, which had flopped most of the way down her back to reveal the underside of her breasts. “...But–”

Belial suddenly commenced a rapid, final paddling. After six strokes, he paused, and Katie dared to hope the spanking was over. But instead, Belial only adjusted his grip on Katie’s waist and hooked Katie’s left leg with his right leg, straddling her across his left kneecap. This new position forced Katie so low to the ground, her nose pressed against the carpet. It also had the effect of exposing more of her inner thighs, which had previously been untouched by the series of spankings.

In a final fit of temper, Katie scrambled to bite or scratch or claw at anything she could reach. One of her hands clasped the leg of the chair. She managed to get a hold of her tormentor's pant leg, but just as she was about to dig her fingernails into him, the final paddling began. The stroke landed with such force, it knocked Katie forward, so that she lost her hold. As she chewed the carpet, feeling the rug leave a burn against her cheek and nose, Katie could only manage a confused, guttural grunt.

Belial's pin held Katie in place across his knee, and he delivered swift paddle strokes, rapidly covering every inch of Katie's buttocks and thighs. Not allowing Katie a moment to catch her breath, Belial paddled relentlessly, with the intent to break the last of her resolve.

Sure enough, Katie grit her teeth, in a final attempt to resist the urge to break down crying like a baby. But inevitably, the dam broke. Fresh tears streamed down her cheeks like a waterfall, and she began to holler and bellow.

When he heard the tell-tale sound of uncontrollable, racking sobs, Belial set down his paddle, and examined his target. He decided there were a few small spots that he'd missed, and before Katie even realized the spanking had stopped, he began to spank her all over again, using his hand to even out the color of her entire bottom and thighs to a consistent, angry red, along with the mottled purple bruises and blisters. This continued until Katie was laying, not-so quietly, across his knee, unable to muster the energy to resist. As Belial landed a final set of spanks, Katie whimpered and groaned. She clearly wanted to scream, but her voice had gone hoarse long ago.

Belial hung the paddle back on its hook. Satisfied that Katie no longer had the strength to resist, he adjusted Katie's position so that she was lying across his lap, rather than straddling his knee. "There, that's a satisfactory spanking for slamming my door. Now all that's left is to administer another spanking for your foul language. Would you like to choose the implement?"

As Katie's eyes fluttered open, she seemed to come out of a trance. The first thing she was aware of was that her bottom was aching all over. Then she glanced up to spot the horrible line of spanking implements. Already well past her limit, Katie's lip trembled as she kissed the carpet, wondering which spanking implement would hurt the least.

Fortunately, the many spankings she'd recently endured from her mother and father had taught Katie to keep a cool head in the midst of a punishment. As she blinked back tears, she decided the rulers looked small and unintimidating. "I…I'll take the ruler…Sir!

Twisting in his seat, Belial traced his fingers across a series of rulers. "Hmmm, which ruler Katie? The plastic, wooden, or metal ones?"

Katie guesses that plastic sounded the lightest, and the least severe. "P-plastic!"

Belial cooly took the plastic ruler and patted Katie's hindquarters. "A bold choice. Do you know how many you have coming?"

Katie shook her head. "What's the difference? It's whatever the rulebook says innit?"

"Generally correct. For minor infractions, the rules stipulate a standard set of six…for first-time offenses, at least. So, that is precisely what you will get!"

THWAK!

Katie had guessed that the light, plastic ruler would sting the least. Although every material has its own pros and cons, the smooth surface of a plastic ruler offers one chief advantage to experienced disciplinarians (or one chief disadvantage, if you ask the naughty victim): a plastic ruler stings like a wasp.

The lingering sting was so pronounced, it even overpowered the deeper ache left by the cane and paddle, before spreading across Katie's behind like a tightly controlled wildfire across the already scorched earth of Katie's fundament.

Katie noticed immediately. "Yowl!"

Belial expertly landed six strokes, in neat lines, which overlapped slightly at the edges. "Oh, my, you've almost kicked off your socks. Would you like to take a moment to remove them?"

Katie winced, and reached weakly behind her to grab the top of her loose thigh-high stocking. "No! I want it!"

"A pity. That's another spanking for not wearing regulation stockings."

"Huh? But you said they were within school regulations!"

"If worn with shoes. But any socks worn without shoes are considered a violation of the school dress code."

"But I had shoes!"

"Until you kicked them off."

"Well then, let me put them back on! Then my socks are fine, right?"

"Don't be absurd, those combat boots aren't within the school dress code. Why would I allow you to put them back on?"

"But…you already spanked me, twice, for refusing to take them off!"

“Of course. Because they were a *pair* of shoes. Which reminds me, since you’re wearing a *pair* of socks, without shoes, you’ll need two sets of spankings. Since the foul language is considered a separate infraction from the dress code violation, I can just use the ruler again.”

As Katie kicked her feet, one of the stockings nearly flopped off her foot, but not quite. “No fair! No–”

Belial delivered six strokes of the ruler in another set of neat lines. “That’s one set of spanks for one sock. Now for the other.”

As Katie caught her second wind, she tried to kick her feet again. She’d clearly had most of the fight spanked out of her, but it was just enough for one of the socks to fly free from her foot.

Belial watched it flop against the floor. “Ah, what a pity. You were so close, but not quite in time…Here’s the spanking for the other sock.”

“Please–”

Belial cut Katie off as he delivered the final six strokes, then paused to examine his work, probing her cheeks with his free hand. "Isn’t that a *loverly* tomato colour! Once we get you into some regulation blue and white frilly knickers, your behind will match the Union Jack."

After gently pinching each of Katie’s cheeks, he landed a final firm swat across the lower center of her buttocks, with a sharp pop.

This parting shot made Katie keenly aware of the throbbing blisters that had formed across her sit spots, thanks to the earlier paddling.

Pressing her feet against the floor, Katie tried to stand up, only to bounce up and down atop her tormenter’s lap, his hand keeping her in place.

As Katie caught her breath, she found her voice again. “Ow ow ow ow! Tssshaw!”

The moment that she was allowed to stand up, Katie danced in place, grabbing her aching buttocks, before squeaking as she realized it hurt too much to massage it. Then she noticed she was wearing nothing but a single stocking below the waist, and tugged down on the front of her shirt to cover her bush. “Agh! I need my shorts!”

As Katie twisted around, she spotted her shorts, but as she reached for them, Belial pinched her by the ear, and right back across his lap. “Not quite finished, I’m afraid. Back you get! And don’t be absurd, you can’t put those shorts back on. They’re against the dress code.”

“But…but I let you spank me just so I could keep ‘em!”

Belial hummed as he petted Katie's glowing red bottom, as if warming his hands by a toasty fireplace. "An ironic choice, in hindsight. Now, the final matter is to spank you for wearing improper panties."

"Huh? But you said I wouldn't get the spanking if I agreed to remove them! You said that's in the rules!"

Belial played with his goatee. "Did I? Perhaps I need a refresher. Let's have a look…"

Belial flipped through the pages, and scanned the words with his index finger. "It says right here that the student must remove the articles of clothing themselves."

"I did! I agreed to take them off!"

"But you didn't *actually* remove them. I removed them for you, by force. According to the letter of the law, you never complied with my order."

"Then just *give me a chance* to comply!"

"Very well. Miss Bolker, remove your panties at once."

Katie clasped her behind, then froze as she remembered her panties were already gone. "But…but I don't even have them now!"

Belial shook his head as he roughly pulled Katie's hands away from her bottom, and secured his grip on her waist. "But you did have them, prior, and you didn't remove them yourself, as the rules stipulate."

Katie pounded the floor with her fists. "I'll take you to court! I'll sue the pants off ya!"

Belial answered with a firm clap across Katie's buttocks with his open hand. "How droll."

Katie winced as she felt the fresh sting of Belial's palm, the tickling sensation like the crackle of a slow campfire. Before Katie could argue her case further, Belial began to lecture her in a tone of voice that made it clear he would brook no argument. "I admit you've found yourself in a peculiar legal predicament, but as a Tormentor, I am granted extensive liberties in determining the proper application of punishment. I am judge, jury, and executioner, if you will. Getting back to the matter of your next spanking…I let you pick the implement last time, but this time, I think I'll have the honor."

Belial grasped the handle of a long, leather strap, twice as thick and twice as wide as the meanest leather belt, and dangled it in front of Katie's eyes. "Is there anything you'd like to say before we start?"

All traces of sass were gone from Katie's voice as she eyed the strap. "You're gonna whip me…with *that?"*

"Yes, it *is the perfect* weapon to chastise a sassy young lady's posterior…Already a rather punished posterior, if I do say so myself. Up you get, and no rubbing. We'll need you in a standing position for the strap to be most effective."

Katie's hands froze before they could clutch her buttocks, then she tugged down her shirt and twisted away from Belial. As she noticed his eyes examining her exposed backside, Katie subconsciously stuck her bottom out a little farther, pouting. "...but…but…"

Katie wiggled her butt slightly. "...butt?"

When Belial said nothing, Katie blinked, wondering if she'd been too subtle. "Uh…isn't my sassy ass all nice and red? You wouldn't want to scar it, would you?"

Belial shook his head, and produced a three-legged wooden stool from behind his desk. "Hmm, I've certainly done a thorough job already. If I was punishing you for a single offense, I'd have been satisfied long ago. But the rules clearly stipulate that every single article of unapproved clothing is considered a separate infraction. Can't be helped! Now put your palms flat on the seat of that stool."

Thanks to the stool's short height, Katie found she had to bend over double to reach it with her palms, her shirt riding high over her plump, yet toned bottom. Her knees trembled. "Please, sir…have mercy!"

"For begging to be effective for reducing punishment it must be performed in the proper manner. Rule 313. That means on your knees with your hands clasped, thus. Then, plead your case."

Instantly, Katie dropped to her knees, clasping her hands before her. "Oh fuck! Okay, okay! I'll do anything! Just please, sir, no more spanking!"

"Language, Katie."

"Shit! I'm sorry!"

"That's two additional spankings for using foul language, after being warned."

Katie wailed, and started to blubber a mix of half-censored curses and apologies.

Looking bored, Belial hummed, and glanced at his desk. Suddenly, he noticed his old-school pager buzzing. It was a new-fangled device that allowed him to read and send actual messages

to the other party, by typing into a miniaturized keyboard! A message from the School Board of Governors read, “Heard you’re having a discipline issue? First day?”

Belial waved a hand absentmindedly at Katie as he scooped up the pager and typed a response. "Oh? But you're a big tough girl Katie. Surely you can take a spanking?"

Belial quickly typed out, “Have it well in hand. Bring up the school security feed.”

Fresh tears welled up in Katie’s eyes. “No! It’s too much! My ass can't take any more torture!”

She sniffled, then started to blubber.

Belial sighed as he set down the pager, and scooped up the strap. "Well, that's a shame, because Rule 313, Clause 2 says for begging to reduce a punishment, it has to be started *before* you know what that actual punishment is. So, unfortunately, it won't have any effect on the last spanking for your dress code violation. However, I am allowed some discretion to handle punishments for repeated offenders. Given that you made a genuine attempt at begging, I will reduce your strapping for obscene language by half…*if* you accept having your mouth washed out with soap. I think that would be a fitting penalty for your potty mouth.”

Katie’s lip quivered as she tried to count the number of spanks she still had coming, and as she realized she had lost count, her eyes widened with horror. “Y-yes, sir.”

Resigned to her fate, Katie the Bulky crawled toward the stool and reassumed her position.

"Good girl. It seems spanking can have the intended effect, even on a girl as wilful as yourself. Now, here comes your first stroke…”

Thwap!

The strap had a different quality from the previous implements. It landed with a heavy thud, like the wooden paddle, but the soft leather ripped across Katie’s skin, the friction adding extra sting.

Her will having been worn down, the once mighty Katie the Bulky howled as she felt the first impact of the strap. “Yeehoowwwl! Aaauuaaagh! Guhhuh!”

She bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, clearly exerting every remaining ounce of her effort to remain in place.

"One. You know what comes next. Count the rest for me..."

THWAK!

“Agh! Two, sir!”

"Well done. And again?"

CRACK!

Katie recoiled as she felt the third stroke, and fought to catch her breath.

Belial shook his head. "How is your *sassy* ass doing now, Kate?"

“Aaargh! …Three, sir! ….it hurts, what else?!?”

"Just wanted to be sure it's having the desired effect…."

WHAACK!

“Yeeowch! Four sir!”

"...So now you know what your sassy attitude will get you from me! Don’t you, Katie?"

Katie nodded. “Yessir! A spanking, sir!”

"Good, good. Now just two more…then six strokes for language, reduced from twelve…then we can finally give you your mouth-soaping and get you into time out."

THA-WHAPP!

Her voice cracks as she wails freely. “Waahaaaugh! F-five, sir! Oh, God! My bum!

Belial was unmoved. "Hurts, doesn't it Katie?"

His face still a mix of boredom and amusement, Belial wound up with both hands to deliver a two-handing swing, like a cricket champion.

(For you Yankees reading, cricket is a fascinating game, much like baseball, except…ah, forget it. You wouldn’t get it.)

Belial landed the sixth stroke with the strength of two dozen men.

WHA-CRACK!

“Aaahaaagh! Six, sir!”

Belial hummed. “Bravo! That should be…hold on, this punishment is for wearing a pair of inappropriate knickers. So that’s another six strokes.”

Katie partially left position, waving a single hand as if in surender. “A pair of…oh please, sir! Please, please, please!”

“It’s too late for begging, Katie. But not too late to earn an additional spanking for leaving position.”

Katie’s hand flew back to the seat. Belial smiled. “Much better. Now, Katie, this might surprise you, but I’m inclined to go a bit lighter on this next set. After all, beating your ass too hard will leave it numb. But if we pace ourselves…well, your bottom will still be in good enough shape to feel the sting of the very last stroke, hopefully. Remember to count each stroke.”

Sniveling, Katie mumbled a “Yessir…” before the first stroke landed.

Sure enough, Belial checked his strength just enough for Katie to feel the sting, without adding even further blisters to her already extensive collection of welts and bruises. Katie fell into a steady pattern of counting each stroke. By the fourth stroke, Katie had finally managed to catch her breath, and dare to hope that she could at least finish the spanking well.

Just as Katie’s trembling started to subside, Belial smiled, and landed the fifth stroke with every ounce of his strength, ripping a fresh blister across her lower buttocks.

Katie jumped and danced in place, the chair wobbling wildly under her full weight. “Fuuuuhuuuuhuuuuck–!”

Her buttocks clenched as she caught herself swearing. “Fuh-five, sir!”

"Do you need the full twelve strokes as a reminder lesson for cursing Katie?"

“No sir! Just the mouth-soaping will be enough, sir!”

"Very well. This is the last stroke for the dress code violation. And you know the last one has to be the worst."

As the sixth stinging stroke landed, the tip end of the strap landed like the end of a bull whip, leaving a vivid purple mark behind. Katie squealed a warbling howl, like a certain cat from a certain uber-violent children’s cartoon. “Yeeaaahaaahooow!”

As Katie hopped into the air, a leg of the stool snapped under her weight, and collapsed beneath her. She lay crumpled on the ground, her plump, upturned bottom resembling a war-torn landscape.

Belial pulled out his reading glasses as he bent low to examine Katie's war-torn ass. "Oh dear, Katie. You should know breaking school property results in a spanking as well…But I think you've had enough for today, yes?"

As Belial gently patted her bare buttocks, Katie lifted her head, smiling. At long last, she was being shown…mercy?

"So we'll just save that spanking for tomorrow, along with the twelve strokes for swearing you still have coming. For now, march over to face that window, on your knees, with your hands behind your head…Confound it, where did I put that soap bar?"

Reflexively, Katie clasped her hands into the begging position as she struggled to pick herself back up. "A-another sp-spanking tom-tom-tomorrow? Oh, please, sir! It wasn't my fault!"

Belial nodded as he examined the drawers of his desk. "Good girl. You've learnt how to beg. But we'll cross that bridge tomorrow. For the time being, kneel right here, and point towards the window covered by a closed blind. No, no, don't bother to stand up. Walk on your knees, of course…Ah, here it is!"

Katie interlaced her fingers behind her head as she inched toward the window, on her knees. "Huh? What more could there possibly–"

"Open wide!" Belial cut her off as he popped a square bar of yellow soap firmly into her mouth. It was wider than a standard oblong bar, so that Katie's cheeks were bowed out. She looked like a hamster trying to swallow a whole carrot, assuming that carrot was cut into the shape of a perfect rectangle.

Katie's eyes nearly bugged out of her skull as she stared down at the soap bar, but before she could spit it out, Belial pressed it firmly with a single finger, shaking his head. "Ah, ah! Bite down, if you don't want it to slip. If that bar leaves your mouth, for any reason, I will assume you spat it out, deliberately.

With a final frown, Katie bit down on the soap, clenching her teary eyes tight shut. She felt flecks of soap scrape between her teeth, and the acrid taste made her want to gag.

Belial reached down to pat Katie's bottom, and pressed her nose right up against the blinds. "Now stay there for one hour, or it's another six strokes, understand?"

As Belial straightened, he pulled the blinds open, revealing a crowded school hallway, just outside his office. The gathered students were all looking away from Katie, watching a television. As Katie examined the TV, she saw a plump bare bottom, and the back of a kneeling woman's head…wearing a baggy punk-rock t-shirt.

Belial nodded as he dug a paper clip out of his desk. “Ah! Good to see the students of Hell High taking a healthy interest in the administration of class discipline. No sense obstructing the view.”

As Katie felt Belial pin up her shirt at the back to fully expose her bare bottom, she saw the woman on the TV screen exposed in exactly the same manner. Katie started to stand, ready to flee in terror, before she noticed she was naked below the waist.

As the students twisted to look away from the TV, Katie quickly kneeled to hide her frontal nudity behind the wall. As she kneeled back down, she lost her balance, and smacked her face against the window, forcing the yellow bar of soap all the way to the back of her throat.

Katie started to gag, blinking back tears, before she felt the soap slipping free. She quickly bit down before she lost it. As she looked up, she saw the entire crowd of students turning to face her, pointing and laughing.

An upperclass boy jabbed a thumb at the window. “Oy! Look everyone, it’s Katie the Bulky! In the flesh!”

A young woman with immaculate blond hair and designer clothing slapped her own rump as she winked at Katie, speaking in a distinct Hollywood accent that stood out among the rest. “Yeah, in the totally-spanked, red-and-raw flesh, that is!”

“What a legend!”

“Think if we hang out here tomorrow, we can catch a glimpse of round two?”

The blond woman shook her head. “Boy, I’m re-reading the student manual. I don’t, like, ever want to end up like that. What was she punished for again?”

A middle-aged woman appeared behind the blond student, and pinched her firmly by the ear. “Dress code violation. Such as that…well, everything you’re wearing. Come along, to the Vice Tormentor’s office! Belial says I need more practice administering spankings myself!”

The young blond grasped at the woman’s wrist, shielding her mini-skirt clad bottom with her free hand. “Oh no! Please, Vice Tormenter, you don’t understand. I had to do this whole stupid assignment on, like, poetic irony, or whatever. So that means it’s all my teacher’s fault! I got so distracted finishing it, I forgot to–yeeouchie! Not so hard!”

As Katie watched the blond student being led away, a handful of students pulled out their phones, taking pictures. As the camera flashes caught the window, Katie could make out the reflected image of her own tear-stained, swollen face. Snot drooped down her nose, while drool dribbled down her chin. Finally, two thick tears dappled her blushing red cheeks.

Katie the Bulky knew that, from that moment on, she would be a legend at Hell High.

End of Part 1